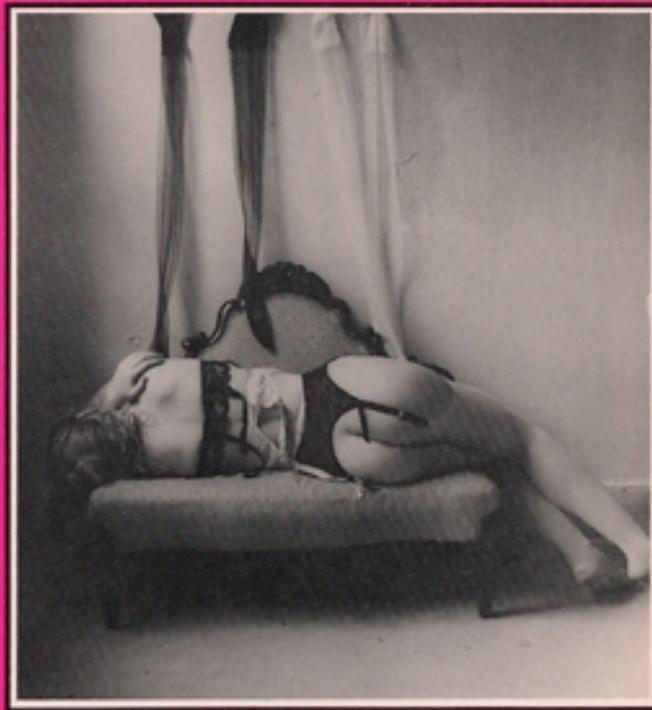


# BODY INVADERS

panic sex in America



edited and introduced by  
**Arthur and Marilouise Kroker**

So this one time I turn up for a trick...

Selected 'Surprisingly Astute' & 'Hilariously Erudite'  
Outcall Stories of *Regrette Etcetera*, 2008-10



## Some notes toward an Archaeology of Makeup

So this one time I turn up for a trick, nursing 2 broken ribs "willingly accrued & resplendent" for a 'straight couple' in Rozelle, Sydney.

& Yes, that splatterfuck *adultmatchmaker.com* does at times come through with the curious (though I won't say adventurous) hets, & here we have a florist & a game designer in their happy sandstone & frangipani home, plus your Hilariously Erudite authorial guide, for some femme domme/sissification humiliation.

Before I sally forth into this particular *sequence of moments*, I must inform you I'm working on a list of what I call "Wishful Archetypal Moments" (WAM), and seeing myself reflected in their chrome & glass "It actually featured in *Better Homes & Gardens*" kitchen, one would seem to have *arrived*. The *Pompeii/Vesuvius Insta-Fossil Pyroclastic Flow* fantasies of a 'time-capsule metropolis' that I've built upon since age 9 also bear mentioning here, but more on this later...

Their dog 'Arto' - though I'm sure 'he' prefers the spelling 'Artaud' - a *huge* white boxer that has its own couch & that I've been eyeing none-too-stealthily since I arrived & received its wet-nose marks on my crotch (*vide infra*), they got from some animal rescue place. It had been 'trained to make sex films' (*evidently some mind/crotch-numbing hetero argot*). Its porn cameo calling apparently surfaces when it tries to "push down the door & interrupt" (ie. fukk & knot poor wifey) when it hears them 'making love' (again, the *baragouin*). *Naturally*, they feel really bad for Artaud, but have necessarily established numerous strategies to *delimit & contain* such 'behaviour'.

So, there would seem to be (a number of) websites offering *behaviour modification regimes specific to post-porno pooches*, (oh don't we smell a thesis grant there ppl!... an under-theorized genre no doubt!) and they have chosen a regimen that amounts to attempts to:

- a). play porn around lil Artaud to get it used to the sound of fukking,
- b). maintain ye olde locked door (duh),
- c). enact firm disciplinary reactions re. any transgression,

*with the implicit addendums:*

- d). pretend they aren't into it, &
- e). not mention it at dinner parties. (Evidently the reason they're so willing to follow my obtuse & time-consuming questioning on the matter...)

Now, whilst I'm conversant in the history of ethology, socio-biology (& their cleaner-newer sister, evolutionary psychology), & thus find no small measure of humour in their strategies, being in the room with such a hot mess of trained sentience has me Quite Simmering. And what with the attendant fantasies of those old Nazis Konrad Lorenz & Von Holst (necessarily in cardigans) nodding over this hot Pavlovian variant, this possible experiment in 'Degraded Stimulus Phenomena' - namely, Artaud interrupting our little scene to fukk me- I can barely keep up with the long-winded confessions of the two proprietary bipeds.

Perhaps it is more to the point to say that I spent a significant portion of my ‘formative years’ getting eaten out by the family dogs out in the shed, trying to get other people’s dogs to fuck me & developing lengthy & complicated fantasies populated by larger carnivores, circus/laboratory scenarios, or Scythian horsemen & their bleeding, expiring mounts...

As such, I’m *somewhat* more interested in Artaud than these two nervous preverts. Though if he’d live up to his namesake & could sprout some new organs (*viz.* “*To Have Done with the Judgment of God*” (1947))- say, opposable thumbs with which to flick through a healthy stack of \$100 notes- I’d liquidate these two & move in...

So, insofar as we are still waiting on a bored biotech-magnate to finance “The Island of Dr. Haraway”, or indeed engineer Bulgakov’s famously dissolute Citizen-Canine (“*Heart of a Dog*” (1925)), I must at pains return to more droll concerns. Mr. Gameboy has talked her into let him ‘fuck a tranny’, & wants her to watch as I degrade & torture him. & honey, I’ll facilitate this bourgeois boredom until their unicorns come home to roost.

While I usually avoid The Forced Feminization/Sissy Humiliation schtick (& indeed have a template essay-manifesto reply for such requests), getting paid for my lazy Shibari, some half-hearted degradation, & seeing him in my clothes, whilst internally grooming the transfeminist rant will have to do.

As hubby’s getting into it, & *ostensibly ringing Pavlov’s bell*, Artaud starts clawing the door like crazy (*viz.* “*Voyage to Tarahumaras*” (1936)), & it sounds like he’ll break it in. Slurp. All I want is Art’s weight on me, the knot-shock, and to simultaneously start breathily addressing the aforementioned rant at these two *Homo Sap-iens* (*viz.* “*Theatre of Cruelty*” (1958)).

As they offer embarrassed excuses, I’m wondering just how high that’d come in on the WAM list, when the necessary addition of the *Pompeii Insta-Fossil Pyroclastic Flow Fantasy* motif strikes me. & doesn’t this particular variant fit the WAM so well, as there’s nothing as ‘universalizing’ a gesture as urban-apocalyptic ‘ensculpturation’... such a *timeless rendering* of the archetypal-domestic!

As such, here’s how it’d run:

“Upon careful excavation of the ancient Sydney domicile site, a fossilized hominid is found in what would appear to be a bedroom, forever frozen in the act of sexual congress with a primitive canine, her (?) heavy makeup subliming into unique and not unpretty coloured whorls in the surrounding igneous rock. The fearful expressions of two other hominids, and the mystifying array of objects have become the subject of a number of various unsatisfactory theories, limited efforts to concoct any satisfactory narrative...”

Kennewick, M. “Primitive Psycho-Sexual Rite or Religious Tableau?: Some Notes Toward an Archaeology of The Canid-Chamber Case” *Contemporary Archaeology* 4, 1, pp.267-79, 2011

## 'Abuzz W/ Realistic', or, 'So Matthew Barneysque'

So this one time I turn up for a trick, in a *fahncy* secure apartment building with *the most realistic fake plants I've ever seen* caus I'm Krang'd & most everything is *the most realistic fake plants I've even seen*.

One wall of 'James'' bedroom is hung with *framed* blow-up images of 9/11's erupting hardons. *How outré*. Throughout his trite explanation ("the animal-libidinal bombs"), I think of a Ru Paul Rapunzel, swinging electric tresses from stained-glass towers straight out of a suitably gay Piranesi, etcetera. James (whose real name is Caeleb Wilson... hilarious when they use their work emails) looks just like Augusto Boal when I whisper to him all of how bored I am which is so realistic it's similarly *faux-floral*.

Having forgotten to czech, (whether because of his seemingly interminable 9/11-art psychobabble, having so looked forward to seeing the plants anew, 1 hour's *less lit*, or the residues of some moral form that I long ceased subscribing to, but that, like most conversation, is coddling) the envelope turns out to be filled, once I am standing *outside* of the building, with *folded paper... charta sine gravitas... papel inútil*... aka Not Money. L

After wasting some few moments cursing that beleaguered bestiary- the constituents of my moral menagerie- I decide on a diplomatic route, & set up a 7/8 rhythm on his doorbell.

Not answering his buzzer & presumably banking on my reluctance to reveal myself in such an environment, I decide to try to complicate his life a little & begin to buzz, one by one, all of the other units, who can see me on their little video screens- an alien diplomat in neo-kabuki makeup & bondage gear asking them in its most cloying tongue if this is Caeleb's unit caus he owes me money...

Needless to say, *Hilarious Responses* ensue. I imagine him hearing the buzzers in the apartments around him, and the deliciousness of the rumours flowering in the neighbours' minds. Needless to say, this doesn't work. I then decide to wait & ask people entering the building to knock on his door for me as "Caeleb said his buzzer hasn't been working". The third person I ask agrees to knock on his door & check if he's there *caus his buzzer's obviously not working*.

Caeleb soonafter comes down & pushes the money under the door & I smile & acquaint him with some of the list of ornate & hilariously erudite curses I've worked out in the last 25 minutes (another taxonomy indeed), thence scuttling back to his transgressive prints.

I post about this online for about 2 weeks, using his real name, address (work & home) & picture I found on his job's website, & finally email it to his manager with a deliberately 'mock-hysterical' Trans-Girlfriend rant about how badly her treats me, which used a 9/11 metaphor to characterise our sex life exactly 27 times.

Hi Caeleb!

## Mr. Baird loses at "Guess Who?"

So this one time I turn up for a trick, & though you'd be hard-pressed to believe that Richmond, Melbourne could generate such a heat, 'a certain person's epoch is burning'. To despoil the fun, & for anyone who gets the Boris Pasternak quote, it may already be clear that it's my year 11 high-school English teacher- a suburb over in all the world! Oh my.

At his door I almost crack & laugh in his face. Though of course, he doesn't recognise a 27y.o permutation of the 'somewhat troubled teen' (a term gleaned from a report-card he authored regarding your surprisingly astute guide which I tried to work into a song that year...) he shared some horrifyingly dour hours with, & who, since generating the escape velocity necessary to leave the small rural deathtown that served as our milieu, has maintained a 'heady course' into the galaxy of Non-Normativa.

Oh & isn't he a troubled soul! The true depths of his ruse (he was a deliciously petty, homophobic tyrant) return to me as 'The smoke escapes his cloak' (evidently I went on to undo the dread of poetry he so drolly installed in us) as he volunteers the English teacher history (now retired) & if ever at risk of blushing through *la maquillaje*, honey it's now. However, after making a necessary trip to the bathroom to re-gather the scattered *temporalities*, I decide to reveal this secret some way into the scene... as it'll be easy to scare him *a little*.

What a wonderful turn! & wouldn't it be the Most Just to thank him somehow for having helped me on my way to Hilarious Erudition, to offer some kind of obtuse retirement gift that one day, on unfolding its gossamer intricacies in his mind's eye for the thousandth time, he would garner a clue about its grateful source... Nevertheless, seeing his cock, and being able to delicately transpose it- like *Milton & Bradley*'s outstanding & insightful board-game "*Operation*"- upon my memories of him in standing in front of the class, is a simply wonderful retrospective collage exercise that keeps me occupied throughout a protracted BJ.

Now, no one I know (i.e who's any fun) likes to talk about poetry, so *naturally* I want to talk about Frank O'Hara, Wanda Coleman or Khlebikov... maybe even run some recent lines by him... my dumb feminist Ted Berrigan rewrites, my utopian architecture poems, or some of my favourite new opening lines: "Trying to write a children's book about transsexuality...", "I am held aloft by an armature of ossified resentment..." etcetera. Oh if he could know how far I'd come! But I digress...

So, unfailingly penetrative reader, what course do you suspect your authorial aunty to take? Indeed. I decide to bring up- in his post-orgasm malaise- the collection of stories you now hold, and indeed how I think I'm going to put a story in about meeting my highschool English teacher on a trick...

As I do so, looking like he's seen Mayakovsky's holey ghost, his panic is *de-lish-shuss*. & while I won't bore you with the maths on this one, he looks at me in silent shock, looks at & through thousands of pimply, badly coiffured faces- in what could be some supremely paranoiac version of *Milton & Bradley*'s excellent & timeless board-game "*Guess Who?*"... Though "Do.. I.. have no eyebrows?", "Is my makeup smeared from recently giving Mr. Baird a BJ?", or "Do I evince a palpable sarcasm?" would indeed be a rare version thereof- & can't quite summon the relevant 17y.o pre-Regretteian visage, smirking in that ineffably drab grey uniform amongst the chattering hordes now coursing from his memory...

Never having been ejected from the premises more rapidly, better remunerated and cradling more of a warm sense of co(s)mic justice, I promised myself to share a portion of such rare & temperate revenge-pleasure with You, most complicit reader, by informing you that I have placed a copy of the publication currently at hand in his mailbox.

## Only Invisible Queens

So this one time I turn up for a trick, right on 2<sup>nd</sup> av. & 1st, but worlds away as *Only in New York* can be. Oh I use that disgusting line as I'm so fukking tired of hearing people knowingly say 'Only in New York' about me on the subway, the street...like it's an intellectual safety-switch.

Now that we've circumnavigated that wondrous adjunct, *la la la*, I think I needed a few hundred more to make it back to *Antipodea Australis*, and thus circuitously, I find his apartment. There's a single sticker on his door, which nearly breaks me & yes, ever-incisive reader, you have already guessed it's tawdry proclamation...

& so... pushing through... the guy's kinda hot. Sero+ & definitely a writer, (that mix of effusive & inept sociality which also subtends this volume) & I wander into believing he's Samuel Delaney or James Baldwin, though he's more of a Cornell West. All the while there's an intense argument going on in the next apartment. He wants (seemingly without irony) 'vanilla CBT' & makes 2 jokes about 'black cock'. So I it's pegs, rings, batteries, and brushes as the argument continues next door.

Between songs, he says they're both drag queens, & I imagine two huge, warring outfits occupying each half of the unseen apartment. We are both listening while I mess on him, & as objects begin hitting the wall its permeating violence calms me, knowing that nothing can now happen to me. As the seeming crescendo of each approach, he quietens & starts to shudder.

It smells something like naphthalene & the Hudson at night. Before 'he has to get back to work', he asks if I've been to college (the "wording of my emails"), about Australian animals & the 'situation of the aborigines there', the 'urban ones' (in that order). As I'm explaining, using Italo Calvino's *Invisible Cities* & *Crocodile Dundee II* to describe my efforts to combat the imperial ignorance of North Americans, I'm interrupted by screaming & something rather heavy hitting his wall, rather hard.

He then leaves me in his apartment to gather my paraphenalia while he goes out & screams at the apartment-sized queens, who seem to have now somehow erupted into the hall.

Exiting, with a healthy sampling of Mr Baldwin's possessions in my bag, I meet the 2 queens- both unassuming little men in nasty slips, their apartment, upon considering this new evidence, must measure only 3' x 3' x 6'- who are now in the hallway arguing with Jimmy Baldwin, both stop dead & stare on seeing me come out of his door with my look. As the elevator doors close, I take the greatest pleasure in deploying our much-discussed epithet, playing it ever-so *So*, before jumping in a taxi.

## And she has and this is it.

So this one time I turn up for a trick & immediately the guy- a seriously outré eldritch specimen- gives me a framed photograph. It's a glossy printout of the image I use online, which he says is "definitely a keeper". To follow *that* lil lodestone, he says grandly that he wants to do a scene where I'm Gertrude Stein, in a theatre he runs.

*mmm WTF.* Early Pinochet I can do, but Gertrude Stein?! I mean give me a half-gram of meth & I'll go on for pages & pages, or write a bunch of *other peoples autobiographies*... & he's not even going to be Alice B., but just wants me to be old Gerty. In his theatre. Anyone have Barry Humphries' number?

Intentions of the current work aside, evidently there's something about me that attracts the *literary serial-killer* type.

Apparently I "have a resemblance"! And whilst grasping for yet another acerbic quip to parry *yet another* dubious compliment, I notice that he picked up the photo from *next to one of the selfsame Gerty Steinkins!* In this moment of surprising astuteness, I also notice that there are 2 other photos of trannies- one I think I recognise from their *Craigslist* ad photo- positioned between (who I think is) Hannah Hoch & Baroness Elsa, but it could have been Claude Cahun & Clarice Lispector...

& if that all wasn't esoteric enough, his apartment is *filled* with flies & weird blue lights. As he notices me *narrativizing away*, he tells me that he identifies as a human-alien hybrid, & to distil his inordinately lengthy explanation, the lights apparently mimic that of his 'home habitat', & coincidentally "serve to calm the flies".<sup>1</sup> (oh William Golding, thank you).

I have to admit I've always wanted to fuck Jeff Goldblum (definitely the lanky dork of 'The Fly'/'Earth Girls are Easy' era rather than as the eco/theo-mathematician-bad-capital-critique-vehicle in 'Jurassic park') but this ain't really the same. So, after an hour of discussion, featuring inordinately exacting descriptions of the props, repeat mentions of my 'remarkable resemblance', & an amazing effusive-evasive monologue worthy of Mr. Double-Speak Rumsfeld upon my mention of noticing 'the other photos', he gives me 200 just for humouring his idea (or getting the references?... Which is maybe 100 each for the Stein-thing & the flies/hybrid thing... Who can tell?)

Upon *exeunt* I ask him to send me a sample script before I decide, knowing that it'll make a wonderful anecdotal relic, & spend the trip back to Oakland (where "There is no there there"<sup>2</sup>) imagining the strange cast of such a work, a collection of *surreal resemblances* drawn as it were from the *Craigslist* transgrrl worker's section...

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<sup>1</sup> All in all he seems to have constructed an mock-ironic relationship with conspiracy theory as a foil to hide his epistemic panic, while his visions of a homogenous hybrid future seems mainly a reaction to race trauma/guilt. The flies he feeds on his own excreta, & sells to maggot debridement therapy suppliers in Santa Cruz. Distilled enough? Czech.

<sup>2</sup> Gertrude Stein on Oakland, in "*Everybody's Autobiography*" (1937)

## *Algeria as an island from “La vie de Gargantua et de Pantagruel”*

So this one time I turn up for a trick, near the university in Berkeley, & the guy, Guy, who's a French Lit. professor there has an apartment in one of those secure blocks, though strangely they have these flimsy aluminium screen-doors like in le ‘burbs.

He's a little afraid & rigid, or I'm 6'7" & *unpacking my gaff-tape collection right now*, so we talk about Francois Rabelais & Cixous & Genet, Guy unforgettably saying “You're hilariously erudite” with a French accent, & of course he mentions that mega-mall queer schlock *Priscilla, Queen of The Desert* upon hearing *my accent*. Appropriately, I'd offered to do his queen makeup as part of the ‘big event’, something that I love to do to closeted queen-tricks for the following reasons:

1. Squanders *mucho tiempo*.
2. Makes them hotter to top.
3. That this is possibly the best take on the words Makeup & Career.  
*& primarily:*
4. Amidst a great empathy, it makes the woo ‘sex-worker as sacred healer’ (drag-aunty?) moniker simultaneously more apt and more ironic. Also known as the “Some things they are against aerodynamics” rule<sup>3</sup>.

Similarly, midway through the makeover, he gets me to check his balls for tumours (as he's quite worried but too afraid to get anyone to check, #4 cancels making that an extra), shows me his dresses (#4 even forced me to comment on their ‘splendour’), reveals his varied histories of sex-trauma, & finally, as I do a partial mummification, ruminates on the *endocrine disruptors in the saran wrap*<sup>4</sup>.

After a second visit, he offers to pay me to sit in on one of his tutorials “dressed as I am” & correct his “idiotic students”. As the 2 words are now: Academic & career, & this is the instance to which I formally back-date the process of considering changing my name to Utopia, you may imagine my excitement at the prospect.

If you can then imagine your author being the obvious one in a UC Berkeley French Lit. tutorial on “Lautreamont’s Influence”, being paid to look good, noisily chew gum & proffer witticisms about the status of allegory in Maldoror’s zoophilist proclivities<sup>5</sup>, you’ll arrive at a neat conception of the aforementioned Utopia (Ecetera).

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<sup>3</sup> each morning’s parade meant you.  
‘I’ll meet you beneath the silt’ & so you  
went walking in the street as if  
you were ordinary & not at all chandelier-shaped  
brailling along quite unergonomically in the gloom.

<sup>4</sup> Aside from the joy I take in explaining changing sex-birth ratios in Alaskan Inuit or HRT hormones causing intermediate genders in obscure marine species, in short, the Great Artificial Feminization currently effecting ‘the environment’, such an idea also suggests numerous delightful forms of nano-topping using the paranoiac postmodern eco-apocalyptic fears so prevalent among a high proportion of my clients...

<sup>5</sup> Conte de Lautreamont “Les Chants de Maldoror” (1868)

## Hard Electrolysis

So this one time I turn up for a trick, after rushing to get a grant application for a hilariously erudite “mockumentary about a mockumentary about ethnographic showcases” in on time, with this rich trannychaser (RTC) of the ‘known quantity’ variety for one of his *typically trying tranny trysts*.

Unusually inarticulate & nervous, Mr. RTC is in a Strange Mood as he collects me in his ridic silver BMW on Oxford st. This one initially accosted me in a Glebe café, passing notes by pretending to swap newspaper supplements with me (a surprisingly common occurrence), and has become somewhat of an ethnographic mockumentary in his own right.

Now, while I’m trying to gauge if he’s been ‘on the pipes’ or why he’s so spookily skittish, he drives a few blocks, and parks at random, nowhere near his house. After I’ve exhausted many of the usual avenues of inquiry, eventually he takes out a *Dictaphone*, and puts it in between us on the console/dash. & as I’m staring at it, with my usual *narrativizing* wondering whether he has been recording our tawdry chatting, what pop-anthropology project this could indeed be part of, or whether Gary Numan’s “Are Friends Electric?” or “Cars” would better suit, he blurts: ‘It’s a tazer’.

Czech. So... in that I could quite easily grab it & he doesn’t seem to have produced it with a threatening intent, it alternatively seems like he’d love to be ripped off by the hysterical/scheming tranny of a RTC’s weird dreams, or to re-establish some vestige of the authority he was so deftly relieved of 3 minutes after initially meeting me. In between amazing visions of *tazering*<sup>6</sup> his cock, & the spasming swathe I’d cut through the populace if in possession of said device, I somehow manage to make some nervous joke about this being an ‘*electrifying experience*’ (!?) which momentarily breaks the tension...& I’m instantly thanking whatever drag-queen-trapped-in-a-tranny’s-body scatological humour gland *slash* be-suited anthropomorphized-cricket that was for so deftly curtailing such a tacky sequence of moments...

Thus, after telling *hitherto known quantity* it’s a little too fukking weird (& so on), & cautiously slinking sideways out of the beamer, *handbag aegis*, I fang it back to O st. AQAP to seek shopping-brain substitution, aka buy some new inflatable pool toys for my climate-change diplomat character Morraine’s outfits. & despite the wonderfully confusing effect of O street’s junk shops, the iconic figure of the *dictaphone-tazer* resurfaces repeatedly.

Here I must mention that I’m writing all about Spirit Voices & Electronic Voice Phenomena (EVP) for the Fauxist International. & whilst these projects have involved the production and recording of EVP from photographic flash guns, welding equipment, electrical and solar-magnetic storms, alternating current, electromagnets, domestic appliances, industrial and information technology hardware, visual documentation of obsolete British military “sound mirrors”, electromagnetic disturbance and signal bending, scramblers, white noise generators, & *etcetera*, We failed to think of *Tazers!* Now wouldn’t a Dictaphone-Tazer scare up the spirits in a sportsman-like manner! *And* elicit spirit-confessions from our sources! I mean look what Lou Reed managed to do! The Tazer-Polygraph of Dr. Donald Ewan Cameron says *Wrong Answer!*

Thus, with all this in mind, I begin to make plans for a flyer advertising the *Dictotazerphone Spirit Voice Recorder* project to put up around his building as a crude attempt to break his brain.

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<sup>6</sup> What indeed is the appropriate verb form here?... ‘Taze’ (*Verb*): “to taze”: Sounds like some stoner/energy drink (get ‘tazed’) or parsing thing. Must ask the police about that one at some point...



**About the author:** Regrette (aka Science/Utopia) Etcetera's infinitely various projects include: spandex abuse, performance-lectures, professional plagiarism, Fetish-Utopian lit., rabid autodidacticism, decade-long-dole-daze, nannying, staying S.L.U.T, teaching queer youth about makeup, capital D Drugs, increasingly cryptic forms of activism, critical science, tinsel/inflatable costumes, scaring the populace, this summer's 'Trippy Triathlete Tranny' fashion range & parodying the verbose, hyperbolic wonder that is the North American self-promotional artist's bio.

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## For other writings of Messsess Etcetera:

On behalf of the Fauxist International:  
<http://thefauxistinternational.wordpress.com/>

For 'Interstitial Bestiaries' Magazine:  
<http://interstitialbestiaries.wordpress.com/>

For all else (& if you feel you can generate a suitably interesting & well-funded situation worthy of description in Issue 2), contact: [fauxist.regret@gmail.com](mailto:fauxist.regret@gmail.com)

Image: Etcetera as Fauxist Didactic Character "In Defense of Conspiracy Theory..."  
with the Raelian float in the 2010 Sydney Mardi Gras parade.

## **“So this one time I turn up for a trick...”**

collects the international whoring stories of Regrette Etcetera. We follow this heady narrator into being paid to: sit in on French Lit. lectures, parry post-porno-pooches, appear in an all-trans-ho Gertrude Stein production, and in taking various forms of revenge on a retinue of the strangest tricks- among them Etcetera's high-school english teacher, a self-proclaimed alien-hybrid, a tazer-wielding trannychaser, and the unforgettable 'Caeleb Wilson'- all the while being offered an hilarious, patrician commentary on all that occurs.

“Captures the inherent weirdness of the outcall... moving with it into self-reflexive plays on the similarly weird psycho-mythic representations of trans women... Unique.”

*UN Magazine.*

“For once a respite from the sex-worker titillation genre!... Etcetera's mock-moralisms and ridiculous, convoluted humour are a delight to unravel”

*Karen Elliot, Smile*

"Refreshingly repudiates the transfeminine autobiography-cum-autopathology moral-confessional motif... an unapologetic work of makeup, coincidence & hallucinatory autodidacticism..."

*Alexis Jung, 1-Claw Zine*



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